Fron County Register HEART of THE WORLD.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. . . MISSOURI

PAINTED FACES. The First Charm of a Woman Destroyet

by the Rouge-Pot. In spite of salves and oils and perfumes and baths, no woman ever had so much care taken of her health and her person as the modern woman has. Inleed, so thoroughly is the care giver nowadays that the unpleasant term. 'well groomed," is applied to it, as it

the object of the care were placed in the same category with the brute animals. For it is somewhat of a "horsey" age, and to call a woman a thoroughbred is considered by many men and women, too, the best that can be said of her. Although in classic times the bath seems to have been one of the chief features of life, yet in the medieval lays-so had things changed-a lady's toilet, if not by any means a thing of brief or slight matter, had very little to do with the bath. When her hair was

pomaded and braided with jewels, and her head-dress, her gowns and gear were arranged, the thing was done. Nor was there much bathing done in the days of rouge and patches. Even less than a hundred years ago the habit of frequently bathing the entire person was called by the good, old, eareful housewives a "nasty French fashion." At the present day the first charm of

a woman is the sense of cleanliness about her-the bloom on her sweet skin, the luster in her hair, the sparkle of her teeth. This cleanliness it is her wise effort to maintain, and if the least particle of what is known as "making up" should become apparent about her she knows her charm is lost. The rouge pot, the hare's foot, the pencil for the sychrows, the coral lip salve-if there is a suspicion of the use of any of these, there will be left a hint, a suggestion of uncleanliness in the beholder's mind which utterly destroys anything accomplished by skill in the pictorial line; for no one who is not virtually an artist can use these articles so that she will not be discovered; and she who is discovered bears not only the stigma of having failed in her purpose, of the vanity of caring too much for her appearance, but of having tried to cheat and been unsuccessful in that also. For the woman who makes up in her dressing-room never knows exactly what the effect is going to be in the full sunshine of outdoors, and she who powders and paints and pencils in the daylight has no notion of the effect of her work by candlelight; and she who puts on her bismuth and her antimony and goes to a ball or theater does not know at what moment the gas from the chandelier or from other sources is to streak her with moldy green and bistre-

The good grooming of the bath, the brisk rubbing of the brush, is really allsufficient wherever there is any good degree of health. Those whom that does not make lovely will never look lovely in false colors, and it will make everyone who is at all wholesome and healthy Icok more so, and in the long run the wholesome look is the greatest attraction of all. For when the beauty of early years has faded the perfectly healthy woman who never had beauty is bound to be more attractive than she who has neither beauty nor health, health itself being a beauty, and continuing a beauty into old age.

It is fortunate that good breeding and good taste have now become so general, and that the finer world has so much to preoccupy its thought and activity that the fancy for heightening or for interfering with the work of nature is found only in the most featherbrained and empty-headed .- Harper's

FASHIONABLE LACES.

Gulpure Is a Suitable Trimming for Batiste.

A little breath of favor was blown on delicate laces so long displaced for heavy cotton guipure and valenciennes and darned tulle are once again worn. The latter seems to owe its revival to the popularity of piece tulle. Guipures continue to be used, but it is to flat appliques that they are suited, while net laces are used for ruffles and ruches, and have quite a different expression. Both kinds are used in the following casino gown made by Nicaud: The materials are strawberry red taffeta and ocru batiste. Over the gown of taffeta is a skirt and low-necked sleeveless blouse of the batiste, making a transparency. The batiste has guipure in irregular patterns appliqued on the front, with the batiste cut out from under the lace, and is bordered with a net lace ruche about two fingers wide. The ruche borders the neck and armholes, the bottom of the skirt, and outlines some of the guipure insets near the foot. All the lace is yellowed to the same tone as the batiste. Tabs of batiste bordered with ruching stand out from the top of the collar band, and ruching borders the wrists.

A great success has fallen to ecru batiste. Its function is to act as a transparency over color and make a background for ribbons. It harmonizes with everything; is the coloring of the fashionable manilla hats, and forms a most refined combination with black. It is to be had not only plain, but dotted with white, and in stripes and bars, these last suited to gowns for morning wear. A pretty batiste gown that can be made by the amateur has a blouse all in tucks running round, a wide tuck alternating with a cluster of narrow ones. The sleeve is tucked round in the same way, and the skirt has a threeinch black satin ribbon round the bottom, with a narrow ecru ribbon sewed upon the black near the lower edge. A wide sa-h ribbon, half yellow and half plaid, v 'th black edges, forms a neck band and belt with large quilled bows behind, and sash ends. This gown is made over a pale violet lining.-Paris

Cherry Shortcake. Make five or six plates of rich paste; one pound of fresh butter, one quart of flour. Make it with ice water, roll- can escape into the garden through the ing and putting butter thickly on one side. Sift the flour, and roll again, putting on more butter, and repeat this pastry with the hands. Prepare the cherries as for tart, and place the paste and fruit in alternate layer after the pastry is baked and has had time to pastry is baked and has had time to pastry the whole with white the cool. Cover the whole with white the cool. cool. Cover the whole with whipped cream, heaped high. It is a beautiful and delicious dish .- Good Housekeep-

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Strange Story, Taken From a Manuscript Be athed by an Old Mexican Indian to Elis Friend and Comrade, an Englishman Named Jones.

Copyrighted, 1894, by H. Rider Haggard. CHAPTER VIIL-CONTINUED.

"How can we save ourselves by crouching here like rats in a wall?" asked of Molas. "Doubtless the secret of the hiding place is known to those who live in the house, and they will drag us out and butcher us."

"The woman Luisa says that it is known to none except herself, lord, for she declares that not two months ago she discovered it for the first time by the accident of the broom with which she was sweeping the floor striking against the springs of the panel. And now let us come out for a while, for it is not yet eleven o'clock, and she says that there will be no danger till after midnight."

"Has she any plan for our escape?" I asked "She has a plan, though she is doubtful of its success. When the murderers have been and found us gone they will think either that we are wizards or that we have made our way out of the house, and will search 'no more till Meanwhile, if she can, Luisa will return and, entering the chamber by the secret entrance, will lead us to the chapel, whence she thinks that we

may fly to the forest.' "Where is this secret entrance, Molas?"

"I do not know, lord; she had no time to tell me, but the murderers will come She did tell me, however, that believes that a man and a woman are imprisoned near the chapel, though she knows nothing of them and never visits the place, because the Indians believe it to be haunted. Doubtless these two are Zibalbay and his daughter, so that if you live to come so far you may find them there and speak with them. Some minutes before midnight we extinguished the light, and, creeping one by one through the hole in the paneling, closed it behind us and took our stand in the little dungeon. Here the darkness was awful, and as the warmth of the wine we had drunk passed from our veins our fears gathered thick upon us and oppressed our souls. the senor touched me. Finally

"Hark!" he whispered into my ear, "I hear men creeping about the room.' "For the love of God be silent," I answered, gripping his hand.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DUEL. Now we placed our ears against th panelling and listened. First we heard creaks that were loud in the stillness, then soft heavy noises such as are made by a cat when it jumps from a height to the ground, and a gentle rubbitg as of stockinged feet upon the floor. After this for some seconds there was silence of steel and the sound of heavy blows delivered upon some soft substance with swords and knives. The murderers | shape. were driving their weapons through the bedclothes, thinking that we slept beneath them. Next came whisperings and muttered oaths, then a voice, Don Jose's, said:

"Be careful, the beds are empty. Another instant candles were lit, for their light reached us through small peepholes in the panel, and by putting our eyes to these we could see all that passed in the room. There before us was Don Jose, Don Smith, and four of their companions, all armed with knives or machetes, while framed, as it were in the wall, in the place that had been occupied by the picture of the abbot, stood our host, Don Pedro, holding a candle above his head, and glaring with his fish-like eyes into every corner of

"Where are they?" he said. "Where are the wizards? Find them quick and kill them.

Now the men ran to and fro about the room, dragging aside the beds and staring at the pictures on the walls as though they expected to see us there. "They are gone," said Jose at length. "That Indian, Ignatio, has conjured them away. He is a demonio and not a

man. I thought it from the first." "Impossible!" cried Dom Pedro, who was white with rage and fear. "The door has been watched ever since they entered it, and no living thing could force those bars. Search, search; they must be hidden."

Search yourself," answered Don Smith sullenly, "they're not here. Per- presently. haps they discovered the trick of the picture and escaped down the passage to the chapel.'

"It cannot be." said Don Pedro again, "for just now I was in the chapel and saw no signs of them. We have some traiter among us who has led them from the house. By heaven, if I find him out!" and he uttered a fearful oath. 'Shall we bring the dogs?" asked Jose, and I trembled at his words.

They might smell their footing." "Fool! what is the use of dogs in a place where all of you have been tramping?" answered the father. "Tomorrow at dawn we will try them outside, for these men must be found and it is useless. Then do you come | safety?" quiet to my room, and we will visit the Indian and his daughter. If we are to get their secret out of them it must be done to-night, for, like a fool, I told that Englishman the story when the wine was in me, thinking that he would

never live to repeat it.' "Yes, yes, it must be done to-night, for to-morrow we may have to fly But what if the brutes won't speak

"We will find means to make them speak," answered the old man with a hideous chuckle; "but whether they speak or not, they must be silent afterward-" and he drew his hand across his throat and added: "Come." An hour passed while we stood in the hole trembling with excitement, hope and fear, and then once more we heard

a voice whispering on the further side of the panel. "Are you there, lord?" the whisper "It is I. Luisa." 'Yes," I answered

cracks, followed presently by the sound

Now she touched the spring and pened the door. 'Listen," she said; "they have gone to sleep, all of them, but before dawn they will be up again to search for you far and wide. Therefor you must do one of two things-lie hid here, perhaps for days, or take your chance of escape

at once.

'How can we escape?" I asked. "There is but one way, lord, through the chapel. The door into it is locked, but I can show you a place from which the priests used to watch those below. and thence, if you are brave, you can drop to the ground beneath, for the height is not great. Once there you window over the altar, which is broken, as I have seen from w do so perhaps you will have to climb upon each other's shoulders. Then you

Now I spoke to the senor, saying: "Although the woman does not know & I think it likely that we shall find company in this chapel, seeing that the 'What' indian and his daughter are imprisoned he asked.

there, where Don Pedro and Jose have The risk is great; shall we take it?"

"Yes," answered the senor, after a moment's thought, "for it is better to take a risk than to perish by inches in this hole of starvation, or perhaps to be discovered and murdered in cold blood. Also we have traveled far and undergone much to find the Indian, and if we lose our chance of doing so we may get

Now one by one we climbed through the false panel, and by the light of the moon Luisa led us across the chamber to the spot between the beds where hangs the picture of the abbot. This picture, which is on a painted slab of wood, proved to be nothing more than a cunningly devised door constructed

to swing upon a pivot. Resting her knee on the threshold, Luisa scrambled into the passage beyond, and when the rest of us stood by her side she closed the panel, and bidding us to cling to one another, and be silent, she took me by the hand and guided us through various passages till at length she whispered:

"Be cautions, now, for we come to the place whence you drop into the chapel, and there is a stairway to your right.

We passed the stairway and turned the corner, Luisa still leading. Next instant she staggered back into my arms, murmuring: "Mother of heaven! the ghots! the ghosts!" deed, had I not held her she would have fled. Still clasping her hand, I pushed forward to find myself standing in a small recess that was placed about ten feet above the floor of the chapel, and, like other places in this house, so arranged that the about or monk in authority, without being seen himself, could see and hear all that passed be-

neath him. Of one thing I am sure, that during all the generations that are gone by no monk watching here ever saw a stranger sight than that which met my eyes. The chancel of the chapel was lit up by shafts of brilliant moonlight that poured through the broken window. and by a lamp which stood upon the stone altar. Within the circle of strong light thrown by this lamp were four people, namely: Don Pedro, his son Don Jose, an old Indian, and a girl. On either side of the altar then, as

now, rose two carven pillars of sapote wood, the tops of which were fashioned into the figure of angels, and to these columns the old Indian and the women were tied, one to each column, their hands being joined together at the back of the pillars in such a manner as to render them absolutely helpless. My eyes first rested upon the woman, who was nearest to me, and seeing her, even as she was then, dishevelled and worn with pain and hunger, with her proud face distorted by agony of mind and impotent rage, I no bages wondered that both Molas and Don Pedro had raved about her beauty.

She was an Indian, but such an Indian as I had never known before, for in color she was almost white, and her dark and waving hair hung in masses to her knee. Her face was oval and small-featured, and in it shone a pair that presently was broken by the click of wonderful dark blue eyes, while the clinging white robe she wore revealed the loveliness of her tall and delicate

Bad as was the girl's plight, that of ently be here with the rest." the old man, her father, who was non other than the Zibalbay we had come to seek, seemed even worse. He was, as Molas had described him, thin and very tall, with white hair and beard. hawk-like eyes, and aquiline features. nor had Don Pedro spoken more than the truth when he said he looked like a king

"What shall we try him with now?" said Don Jore, addressing Don Pedro; "hot steel or cold? Make up your mind, for I am getting tired. Well, if you won't, just hand me that machete, will Now friend," he went on, addressing the Indian, "for the last time I ask you to tell us where is that temple full of gold of which you spoke to your daughter in my father's hearing?" "There is no such place, white man," he answered sullenly.
"Indeed, friend. Then will you ex-

plain where you got those little ingots which we captured from the Indian who had been visiting you, and whence came this machete?" and he pointed to the weapon in his hand

It was a sword of great beauty, as I could see, but of hardened copper, and having for a handle a female figure with outstretched arms fashioned in solid gold. "The machete was given to me by a

friend," said the Indian. "I do not know where he got it." "Really," answered Jose with a brutal laugh; "perhaps you will remember Here, father, warm the point of the machete in the lamp, will you, while I tell our guest how we are

going to serve him and his daughter.' Don Pedro nodded, and taking the sword held the tip of it over the flame, while Jose, bending forward, whispered into the Indian's ear, pointing from to time to the girl.

"Are you white men, then, devils?" said the old man at length, with a groan that seemed to burst from the bottom of his heart, "and is there no law or justice among you?" "None at all, friend." answered Jose; 'we are good fellows enough, but times

are hard, and we must live. Now, once more, will you guide us to the place killed or we are ruined. Tell those whence that gold came, leaving your rascals to give up the search and go to daughter here as hostage for our "Never!" cried the Indian. "Better

that we two should perish a hundred times than that the ancient secrets of my people should pass to such as you. So you have secrets after all! Father, is the sword hot?" asked Jose. "One minute more," said the old man,

turning the point in the flame. This was the scene that we witnessed, and these were the words that astonished our ears. "It is time to interfere," muttered

the senor, and, placing his hand upon the rail, he prepared to drop into the church. Now a thought struck me, and I drew

him back to the passage. "Perhaps the door is open." I said. 'Are you going in there?" asked the girl Luisa.

"Certainly," I replied: We must rescue these people or die with them. 'Then, senor, farewell. I have done all I can for you, and now the saints must be your guide, for if I am seen they will kill me, and I have a child for whose sake I desire to live. Again, farewell," and she glided away like a shadow.

Now we crept forward and down the stair. At the foot of it was a little door. which, as we had hoped, stood ajar. For a moment we consulted together, then we crawled forward through the gloom toward the ring of light about the altar. Now Jose had the heated sword in his hand.

"Look up, my dear, look up," he said to the girl, patting her on the cheek. "I am about to baptize your excellent father according to the rites of the Christian religion by marking him with a cross upon the forehead," and he advanced the point of the sword toward the Indian's face. istance Molas pinned him

weapon, while I did the same office by Don Pedro, holding him so that, struggle us he might, he could not stir. "Make a sound either of you and you are dead," said the senor, picking up the machete and placing the hot point of it against Jose's breast, where it

from behind causing him to drop the

slowly burned its way through his clothes "What are we to do with these men?"

"Kill them as they would have killed us," answered Moias; "or, if you fear the task, cut loose the old man vonder and I it him avenge his and his daughter's wrongs.'

"What say you. Ignatio?" "I seek no man's blood, but for our own safety it is well that these wretches should die. Away with them! Now Don Pedro began to bleat inarticulately in his terror, and that hero, lose, burst into tears and pleaded for his life, writhing with pain the while, for the point of the sword scorched

"You are an English gentleman," he groaned; "you cannot butcher a helpess man as though he were an ox." "As you tried to butcher us in the chamber yonder, us, who saved your life," answered the senor. "You are right. I cannot do it, because, as you say, I am a gentleman. Molas, loose this dog, and if he tries to run put a knife through him. Jose Moreno, you have a sword by your side, and I have one in my hand; I will not murder you, but we have a quarrel and we will settle it here now. "You are mad, senor," I said, "to risk

your life thus. I myself will kill him rather than it should be so." "Will you fight if I loose you, Jose Moreno?" he said, making me no answer, "or will you be killed where you stand?"

"I will fight," he replied. "Good. Let him free, Molas, and be ready with your knife.' "I command you," I began, but already the man was loose and the senor stood waiting for him, his back to the door and the Indian machete handled with the golden woman in his hand.

issue vanished. Victory was written on the calm features of the senor, while the face of Jose told only of baffled fury struggling with bottomless despair. Still it was he who struck first, for, stepping forward, he aimed a desperate blow at the senor's head, who, springing aside, avoided it, and in return ran him through the left arm. With a cry of pain, the Mexican sprang back, followed by the senor, at whom he cut from time to time, but without result,

From the moment that I saw them

fronting each other, my fears for the

for every blow was parried. Now they were within the altar rails. and now his back was against one of the carved pillars of sapote wood, that to which the girl was tied.

Then the end came, for the senor, who was watching his chance, drew suddenly within reach, only to step back so that the furious blow aimed at his head struck with a ringing sound upon the marble floor. Before Don Jose could lift the sword again, the senor thrust with all his strength and his machete pierced the Mexican

through the heart. And now I must tell of my own folly that went near to bringing us all to death. You will remember that I was holding Don Pedro, and in my joy and agitation I slacked my grip, so that with a sudden twist he was able to tear himself from my hands, and in the twinkling of an eye was gone.

I bounded after him, but too late, for as I reached the door it slammed in my face, nor could I open it, for on the chapel side was neither key nor handle. "Fly," I cried, rushing back to the altar; "he has escaped, and will pres-

senor had seen, and alre engaged in severing with his sword the rope that bound the girl, while Molas cut loose her father. Now I leaped upon the altar, and springing at the stonework of the broken window, made shift to pull myself up with the help of Molas pushing from below. Seated upon the window ledge I leaned down, and, catching the Indian Zibalbay by the wrists, with great efforts I dragged him to me and bade him drop without fear to the ground, which was not more than ten feet below us. Next came his daughter, then the senor, and last of all Molas, so that within three minutes from the escape of Don Pedro we stood unhurt on the outside the chapel among the bushes of a garden.

"Where to now?" I said, for the place was strange to me. The girl Maya looked round her, then she glanced up at the heavens.

"Follow me," she said. "I know way," and started down the garden at Presently we came to a wall the height of a man, beyond which was a thick hedge of aloes which we forced our way through and found ourselves in a milpa, or cornfield. Here the girl stopped, and again searched the stars, and at that moment we heard sounds of shorting, and, looking back, saw lights

Moving to and fro in the hacienda. "We must go forward or perish," said; "Don Pedro has aroused his men. Then she dashed into the milps, and we followed her, till at length we were clear of the cultivated land and stand-

ing on the borders of the forest. "Halt!" I said; "where do we run to? The road runs to the right, and by following it we may reach a town. "To be arrested as murderers," broke

n the senor. "You forget that Jose Moreno is dead at my hands, and his father will swear our lives away, or that at the best we shall be thrown into prison. No, no, we must hide in the bush. "Sirs," said the old Indian, speaking

for the first time, "I know a secret place in the forest, an ancient and runed building, where we may take refuge for a while if we can reach it. But first I ask, who are you?"

"You should know me, Zibalbay. said Molas, "seeing that I am the mes senger whom you sent to search for him that you desired to find, the lord and keeper of the heart," and he pointed to

"Are you that man?" asked the In-

"I am," I answered, "and I have suffered much to find you, but now is no time to talk; guide us to this hiding place of yours, for our danger is great. Then once more the girl took the lead, and we plunged forward into the forest, often stumbling and falling in the darkness, till the dawn broke in the east and the shoutings of our pursuers

died away.

The Only Requisite. What is known in the United States and in England as "evening dress" for men, plays quite a different part on the European continent, where the "swallow-tail" coat and white cravat are regarded as requisites for "full dress" on any ceremonious occasion, whether during the day or in the evening. When the celebrated pianist, Hans Von Bulow, went to England for the first time on a concert tour, he was much surprised to find that the custom of the country made his dress suit inappropriate at afternoon concerts, there he was expected to appear in frock coat with light trousers. Soon after his return from his tour a young pianist called on him to get his advice and opinion in regard to a comprehensive pianoforte method which he had just published under the title of "l'Inpensable du Pianiste." "Ah! my dear young friend," cried the great musician, with a whimsical smile, "you are far behind the times. You ought to travel and enlarge your mind: then you will find out that the pianist's only 'indispensable' is a pair of light trousers!"-Youth's Companion.

Prince Bismarck deri-s an annual income of \$175,000 from the various industries in which he is interestedDISCOVERY OF MAPLE SUGAR. Like Many Others, It Was Accidental, If

the Indian Story Is Truc. It does not appear that any record was made of aboriginal mehtods of tapping the maple and converting its sap into sugar, nor is the oldest maple old enough to tell us, though it had the gift of speech or sign-making intelligible to us. We can only guess that the primitive Algonquin laboriously inflicted a barbarous wound with his stone hatchet, and with a stone gouge cut a place for a spout, so far setting the fashion, which was long followed by white men, with only the difference that better tools made possible. Or we may guess that the Indian, taking hint from his little red brother, Niquasese, the squirrel, who taps the smooth-barked branches, broke these off and caught the sap in suspended vessels of birch bark, than which no cleaner and sweeter receptacle could be imagined. Doubtless the boiling was done in the earthen kokhs, or pots, some of which had a capacity of several gallons. According to Indian myths, it was taught by a Heaven-sent instructor.

The true story of the discovery of maple sugar making is in the legend of Woksis, the mighty hunter. Going forth one morning to the chase, he bade Moqua, the squaw of his bosom, to have a choice cut of moose meat boiled for him when he should return, and that she might be reminded of the time stuck a stake in the snow, and made a straight mark out from it in the place where its shadow would then fall. She promised strict compliance, and, as he departed, she hewed off the desired tidbit with her sharpest stone knife, and, filling her best kokh with clean snow for melting, hung it over the fire. Then she sat down on a bearskin and began embroidering a pair of moccasins with variously dyed porcupine quills.

This was a labor of love, for the moccasins, of the finest deerskin, were for her lord. She became so absorbed in the work that the kokh was forotten till the bark cord that suspended it was burned off, and it spilled its contents on the fire with a startling, quenching, scattering explosion that filled the wigwam with steam and smoke. She lifted the overturned vessel from the embers and ashes by a stick thrust into its four-cornered mouth, and when it was cool enough to handle she repaired it with a new bail of bark, and the kokh was ready for service again. But the shadow of the stake had swung so near toward the mark that she knew there was not time to melt snow to boil the dinner.

Happily, she bethought her of the reat maple behind the wigwam, tapped merely for the provision of a pleasant lrink, but the sweet water might serve a better purpose now. So she filled the kokh with sap and hung it over the mended fire. In spite of impatient vatching, it presently began to boil, whereupon she popped the ample ration of moose meat into it and set a cake of pounded corn to bake on the tilted slab before the fire. Then she resumed her embroidery, in which the sharp point of each thread supplied its own needle.

The work grew more and more ineresting. The central figure, her husband's totem of the bear, was becoming so lifelike that it could easily be distinguished from the wolves, eagles and turtles of the other tribal clans. In magination she already beheld the noccasins on the feet of her noble Woksis, now stealing in awful silence along he war path, now on the neck of the fallen foe, now returning jubilant with triumph or fleeing homeward from defeat, to ease the shame of failure by kicking her, in which case she felt herself bearing, as ever, her useful part. So she dreamed and worked, stitch by stitch, while the hours passed unheeded, the shadow crept past the mark, the kokh boiled low, and the cake gave forth the smell of burning. Alas! the cake was a blackened crisp, and lo! the once juicy piece of meat was a shriveled morsel in the midst of a gummy, dark brown substance.

She snatched kokh and cake from the fire, and then, hearing her husband coming, she ran and hid herself in the nearest thicket of evergreens, for she knew that when he found not wherewith to appease the rage of hunger he would be seized with a more terrible one against her. Listening awhile with a quaking heart, and catching no alarming sound, but aware instead of an unaccountable silence, she ventured

forth and peeped into the wigwam. Woksis sat by the fire eating with his fingers from the kokh, while his face shone with an expression of supreme content and enjoyment. With wonder she watched him devour the last morsel, but her wonder was greater when she saw him deliberately break the earthen pot and liek the last vestige of spoiled cookery from the shards. She could not restrain a surprised cry, and, discovering her, he addressed her:

"O, woman of women! Didst thou conceive this marvel of cookery, or has Klose-kur-Beh been thy instructor?" Being a woman, she had the wit to withhold the exact truth, but permitted him to believe whatever he would.

"Let me embrace thee," he cried, and ipon his lips she tasted the first maple sugar. The discovery was made public, and

kokhs of sap were presently boiling in every wigwam. Ail were so anxious to get every atom of the precious sweet that they broke the kokhs and scraped the pieces, just as Woksis, the first sugar-eater, had done. And that is why there are so many fragments of broken pottery and so few whole vessels to be found .- Atlantic Monthly.

Slept in the Hencoop. "Papa, is Mrs. Bigelow very poor?" "No, Cedric, Mrs. Bigelow is well off: don't you know what a nice house she has?

"But she sleeps in the hen-coop, papa. "Why, Cedric!" "She said she did." "What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember when she was

here to dinner night before last she

excused herself, and said she must go home early because she went to bed with the chickens?"-Harper's Round Table. At the Inquest "You say you knew this man? Is there any particular sign by which you

"Oh, yes, your honor, he was deaf." -Le Caricature. -The secretary for foreign affairs and the first lord of the treasury in England receive each a salary of \$50,-

recognize the corpse?"

FED ON A FROZEN MAMMOTH

An Arctic Missionary Saved from Starvation by Meat of the Picistobene Age. A private letter received from a mission station at the mouth of the Mackenzie river, within the Arctic circle, gives an account of the narrow escape of a missionary and party of Eskimos from death by starvation. The letter says that the missionary, with half a dozen Eskimo attendants, started for a distant village of Eskimos to hold services. Mackenzie bay being open, they went by boat. To keep clear of drift ice, they followed the shore line

as closely as possible. On the third day out a heavy wind sprang up, and they were compelled to and. The next morning they found themselves prisoners, pack ice having been driven ashore by wind and currents. A hard frost occurred, and was followed by intermittent gales and snowstorms, continuing for a fortnight, during which time the party was unable to travel and the provisions ran out. For three days they were without food, and they were face to face with starvation. Then the missionary urged the Eskimos to go out and see if they could not find a stray ptarmigan or sea fowl. About two miles from the camp one of the Eskimos discovered two long

bones protruding from the frozen earth. He called a companion, and the latter recognized the bones at once as ivory tusks, and decided to secure them. The two men went to work with their axes and chopped away the ground, and, much to their amazement, soon began cutting out frozen flesh, perfectly preserved. They secured a quantity of this and hastened back to camp, where they told their story and displayed their find. The missionary, who was something of an archaeologist, concluded that the animal from which the flesh came was a prehistoric mammoth, and he knew, too, from his reading, that the flesh was good to eat, and the whole party that afternoon rejoiced their famshed stomachs, and lived on the flesh for three weeks, when they were able to proceed on their journey. The missionary secured the tusks, which measared eight feet in length. He made au examination of the place where the carcass is embedded, and thinks that the body of the animal is not complete. It is lying on its back, and the hind portion and legs seem to have been broken off. He intends to make further investigations during the summer. The ground in the region is perpetually rozen. The missionary considers that the discovery of the mammoth was a miraculous act of Providence to save himself and the members of his party from starvation. They had sufficient oil with them to thaw the flesh and make t palatable.

Bones of mammoths have before been found in the region east of the mountains, but this is the first time on record that a carcass with flesh on it has been discovered. In point of time the mammoth belongs exclusively to the posttertiary, or pleistocene, epoch of geologists.-N. Y. Sun.

CYCLE RIDING.

Knees-Up-to-Chin Position Not a Pretty One for Girls. One of the most serious difficulties encountered by the learner of cycling, especially of the softer sex, is the desire of makers and teachers to drill her into what we may, for want of a better phrase, dub the monkey-on-the-stick attitude, so much affected among the park riders. The familiar toy of child- driving in state past the lawyer's office hood, when in repose, has its knees up | two or three times a day, his "turn-out" to its chin and its hands at about the same level, and for some good and sufficient reason that is considered the right | elegant carriage and pair. If the atattitude by many. Now, says an authority on cycling, we are far from advocating the "scorcher" attitude, with the saddle far back, the handles well lown, and the rider pulled absurdly forward; but there is something between the two poses which is much more correct from all points of view-that is, an easy upright attitude, fairly over the pedals, with the handle bar just high enough to cause the arms to be slightly

bent when the rider sits upright. Another of the learner's most serious difficulties is to overcome the tendency to hurry matters. The balancing of a cycle, and the more deliberately, within reason, of course, the attempt is made the sooner will success attend the effort. Many of the difficulties of the balance are accentuated by the machines upon which the essay is made; they are out of true, the wheels do not track, and so on, but they are good enough for the work they are used for, and the learner's sensations after relinquishing the learning machine and mounting a trim and new bicycle are those of astonishment and pleasure at the comparative ease with which the previously difficult

tasks are accomplished. Another point often sadly worries the learner-the question of mounting. Indeed, the fact that the novice "cannot mount" is often quite a serious worry, which makes the learner despondent.

The present writer, with 22 years' experience of continuous cycling on all sorts of cycles, has probably not used the step to mount with 25 times in the last 12 months. It is so much more-simple to mount from the curb, or the grass bank at the roadside, and the expert does so as often as not .- St. James'

A Snake's Power to Charm.

A certain gentleman who resides near and its mate worrying a snake under a tree in which they had built their nest. that snakes do not charm birds, says the Washington Supper Table. It was at first thought the bird was charmed by the snake, but after watching the actions of the two for awnile he noticed that the bird always kept out of reach of the snake-"so near and yet so far." After several minutes of that would come down and go through the same maneuvers. In this way they kept the snake from climbing the tree

charm a bird.-Pittsburgh Chronicle Drawing the Line.

to their nest and destroying their little

ones. Instead of being "hypnotized"

by the snake the birds showed reason-

ing power and cunning superior to the

snake. It would be interesting to know

if any of our readers ever saw a snake

PITH AND POINT

-Tired Tatters-"Yes, sir, pard, it pays ter be honest." Weary Wraggles -"I know now why ye'r so durn poor." -Louisville Truth.

-Father-"Did you notice how the lieutenant enjoyed our lunch? He took a little of everything." "Yes, but none of our daughters." - Fliegende Blaetter.

-"De reason some men doan' git 'long better," said Uncle Eben, "is dat dey spen's too much time huntin' roun' fola er politician dat kin legislate de mortgages off'n deir fahms."-Washington

-Casey at Leisure.-Burke-"I heerd yez are on a shtroike, Casey?" Cesey -"I am. I shtruck fer shorter hours." Burke-"An' did yez git them?" Casey -"I did. Shure I'm not wur-rkin' at all now."-Kansas City Journal.

-He Forgut to Mention It.-Greene -"Say! That shotgun I bought of you blew into 10,000 pieces the first time I fired it off. I don't see how I ever got off alive." Gunsel-"O, yes; I forgot to tell you. You have heard of those new disappearing guns the government is getting? Well, that was one of them."-Indianapolis Journal.

-The highway man had followed her from town. He had observed the pocketbook which she held in her hand. It was fat, even as a plump partridge. She was returning from the city, and he bided his opportunity. It was dusk. A lonely part of the road was reached. He sprang forward, snatched the pocketbook from her hand and disappeared. He wended his way back to town. Gleefully he sought his attic room. "I shall dine well to-night," he said. And he opened the purse and swooned. It was fat with samples!-Harper's Bazar.

THE NEWLY RICH.

Some of the Demonstrations of Sudden Acquired Wealth.

The sudden elevation from poverty to riches is generally accompanied by sometimes startling and always amusing manifestations. Nine men out of ten, when they find the gaunt wolf of hunger and inconvenience forever banished from their door first think of the style in which they should live in order to conform to the munificence of their suddenly-acquired fortune, and they invest forthwith in as costly a house and grounds as they can afford. Some take extreme delight in parading the fruits of their new wealth before those of their neighbors whose opulence is of more mature age, and who have therefore offered many a (fancied) snub. A case in point is that of a lawyer's young assistant, living in a neighboring state, who a short time ago was fortunate enough to come into property of the value of nearly a quarter of a million dollars, which enabled him to embark on a policy of revenge which he had long cherished in his mind, but which he had not the slightest hope of ever being able to carry out. His employer, a man of obscure origin and most offensive manners, had been in the habit of treating him with the utmost disdain, and, not unnaturally, the clerk thirsted for an opportunity of paying him back in his own coin.

The opportunity came with the advent of his great riches, and he took the fullest advantage of every occasion to excite the envy of his quondam employer and to belittle him in the eyes of his friends. He made a practice of in the morning being a smart and dashing tandem, and in the afternoon an torney attended the theater or any public meeting his once-despised clerk was there occupying a better position than

Happening to hear of a debt of \$2,000 or \$3,000 owing by the latter, he bought it at a premium, sued for and recovered it, and administered the coup de grace to his enemy by making him a bank-

rupt.-Cincinnati Enquirer. Why some Animals Lap. The reason that certain animals lap instead of drink seems to be an arrange ment of nature to prevent carnivorous animals, whose stomachs are comparatively small, from over-distending themselves with water. Most of the animals that suck when drinking are berbivorous and have large stomachs, or more than one, with a paunch or receptacle for unchewed food, and with them digestion is a slow process and there is little, if any, danger of overdistension, although such a thing is not unknown with some domestic herbivorous animals. Digestion is a much more rapid process with the carnivora, and it is important that it should not be delayed by the ingestion of large quantities of cold water. By lapping the mouth and throat are thoroughly moistened, while the water is supplied to the stomach in small quantities, properly warmed and mixed with saliva. It may be fairly assumed that the carnivora are of more recent creation, for the herbivorous animals are their food, and that therefore lapping may be considered a more highly developed way of drinking

than sucking.-Detroit Free Press.

Searching for a Bride. German papers tell an interesting story regarding the young king of Scrvia's recent vain trip in search of a bride. His majesty had taken it into his head that he would like to marry by was convinced by watching a bird | Princess Maria, daughter of the king of Greece. The Servian minister in Athens proposed the marriage to the Greek rulers, and received an evasive answer. The minister was encouraged, however, and telegraphed the king to proceed to Athens. The young Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, however, had long been in love with Princess Maria, and when he learned of the projects of the Servian monarch kind of teasing of his snakeship the bird he pressed his suit so hard that when would go up in the tree and its mate the young king arrived in Athens the engagement with the Russian had already been announced. The unhappy diplomat will suffer for his blunder, and has already been recalled from

his place.-Chicago Chronicle. The Value of a Cup. One of the most comforting thing fisherman or hunter can carry with alm is a cup to drink from. Some men get along with their hands, or by The turkey buzzard suddenly drew in a long breath.

"Ha!" she exclaimed, with a pained look, "another season of political activity has opened. I can detect the odor of the campangn cigar!" Whereupon the discriminating bird flew far, far, to the northward, across the Senadian line.—Chicago Tribune.

over a stream or spring and drinking direct from the water, but there is no comfort, and there is n possibility of lizards in this. One likes to stand erect and drink comfortably when on the march. It is more satisfactory. When one forgets his cup he makes one from the large leaves of a tree or bush, or from paper, or uses the top of his hat.—N. Y. over a stream or spring and drinking